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"What fools these Mortals be!"

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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OFFICE NO 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



A PUZZLE PICTURE: "WHERE IS THE POPE?"

OFFICE OF PUCK 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

HAYES, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 22 & 24 CHURCH ST. N.Y.

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WHERE IS THE POPE?

THE death of Pius IX. was so long expected that its arrival was forestalled in a previous cartoon by our artist; so that, coming as it does now, it comes curiously unexpected. Our artist has treated this subject in a peculiar and unconventional form. You are requested to look at the picture on our front page and say where the Pope is? We leave his merits to his friends and his failings to his foes—all that we leave to our readers is the solution of our problem; we ask them to look at the picture impartially and with no sectarian prejudices, and answer the question that is asked in the line accompanying the drawing.

PUCK'S VALENTINES (ON SKATES).

"Carl Schurz on Skates" is not exactly from a sketch made on the spot, but the imagination of our artist can make stranger combinations than that. This much we can safely say: Given Carl Schurz, Bayard and Blaine on skates, wouldn't their relative positions (figuratively) correspond with the draughtsman's ideas?

We are living in slippery times, and the Bland gentleman who has come to grief on the silver dollar, is only one of the men whose foibles are apt to trip them up.

There is a general slip all around, and as Turkey falls while the Czar dashes jauntingly along, the question intrudes itself: "How does John Bull like it as far as he has got?"

The whole picture is intended to be a pleasant reminder of the season, but the sportive fancy of the artist has studded the scene with characters and incidents that are more than mere figures on skates.

How deliciously frank is Russia in the present aspect of affairs. She, like George Washington, cannot tell a lie. She went to war to protect those poor persecuted Christians in Bulgaria. Only this and nothing more. Constantinople did you say? Oh, quite a misapprehension, I assure you. What was that remark about the treaty of Paris? Ah! indeed, did I break it? How very odd, to be sure. Yes, we are absent-minded sometimes. The presence of the British fleet at Constantinople may possibly have the effect of regulating in some degree this awkward tendency in the Bear's organization.

— ANDERSON & WELLS now think that suit against Uncle Sammy Tilden for unpaid income tax ought to be dropped, and an inquiry as to the right of Hayes to his present income be set on foot.

MRS. SHERMAN.

That excellent, but very much misguided woman, Mrs. Sherman, wife of the General, and known to the recklessly ungrammatical populace of America as Mrs. General Sherman, has come to the front again. Some time ago she injudiciously gave her indorsement to a book called "The Dance of Death," a choice production emanating from a dirty-minded individual whose name we have forgotten. It makes no matter: if we did remember it, we shouldn't give him the advertisement of mentioning it. Mrs. Sherman's difficulty with our social system is on the question of "round dances." She finds them immoral—the waltz, the deux-temps, the antiquated polka—and she has several times expressed herself with vehemence and volubility. Of course, it is our wish to treat with respect all sincere and honest convictions; and if Mrs. Sherman chooses to forbid the General's dancing, it is eminently her own affair, and the General's. But we may suggest, without impropriety, that we fear Mrs. Sherman has not looked at this matter with that catholic impartiality which it demands. Round dancing is not an artificial growth of modern society. It has its place in the vast scheme of creation; it is provided for in the cosmic symmetry of the universe.

We ask Mrs. Sherman simply to examine, with an unprejudiced eye, the arm—the prehensile right arm—of Man. She will observe in that limb, even when in repose, a well-defined curve, a graceful, easy crook. She will see that it adapts itself readily to a cylindrical surface; that it abhors a right line; that it is essentially sinuous. Why does that curve exist? The mere question is a paradox which ought to puzzle Mrs. Sherman. Will she acknowledge that in the economy of nature that curve should be waived? And for what other purpose is it there? Is that manly crook to be wasted on the slippery bar-counter of the diabolical beer-saloon? No! a thousand times no! Let Mrs. Sherman look at the daguerreotype which the General, we hope, still keeps locked in his desk, and looks at from time to time with something of the ardor of bygone days. She will there find evidence that kindly nature provides a responsive and harmonious filling for that empty and yearning arc. And let her not thereafter, raise her voice against the round-dance, the harmless friend of the perfect natural union of bodies and coat-sleeves.

— The desire which burns in the breast of every young and promising actress—the passionate desire to play *Camille* has been commented on before, several times, at least. But the peculiar phase which this tendency has assumed of late certainly deserves a word of notice. Every bright particular star—too particular, perhaps—who has within the past few years, presented her conception of *Camille* to an expectant public, has, apparently, gone to work with the sole intention of whitewashing the hectic martyr of the rue Notre Dame de Lorette. From Clara Morris to Modjeska, we have had a succession of *Camilles* who vied with each other in spotless purity and unimpeachable correctness of deportment; until as at last Mlle. Alphonsine Plessis rejoices in an apotheosis such as no lady of her profession ever got before her, to say the least of it. We do not wish to offer any objections to this. It is probably very nice and pretty. It has made the play a charming little Sunday-school drama, though where the *Camille* comes in is not so clear. By all means let our stellar attractions go on and devote their genius, beauty and accomplishments to making the heroine of their favorite play a moral and a model of respectability. Only we wish to draw their attention to the fact that the distinguished original had no aspirations of the kind.

Puckerings.

A SILVER dollar is a white lie.

BLAND is a smart talker, but he can't talk 10 per cent. on to a silver dollar.

THE stamp of Fraud—the dollar-mark on the face of a silver 90-cent piece.

It seems a little curious at first glance that the growth of the Murphy movement should decrease the number of potatoes.

THERE is one thing in which the ancients had the bulge on us. Nobody ever saw Socrates going around in a pair of trousers that bagged at the knees.

A SILVER dollar is worth 90 per cent. of a gold one; and the Silver party can no more turn it yellow than they can turn themselves into a regiment of white-robed angels.

WE are not in love with Bob Ingersoll. He is coarse and flippant. He'd prove more if he stuck to pure science. But still no one is in a position to disprove his assertions, loose as they are.

AT the Weedsport, N. Y., church fairs they have "kissing bees." We are not acquainted with the Weedsport bees, but if they know their business as kissers, they probably make the young men come to the front.

AMERICANS who wish to get a correct idea of the dignified courtesy of the patrician English Parliament, when that noble body gets interested in the Turkish question, will do well to attend the performances of George, the Count Joannes.

THEY have had a cyclone in Georgia; and when it struck the city of Augusta, it is said that the mayor telegraphed to J. Blaine, Washington: "Call your Gailamilton off." Blaine's reply was: "She is off now; and nobody can make her any offer." The truth of the statement was recognized.

THE latest fashionable form of D. T. is a wide variation on the old snake style. The aristocratic victim now sees a red clay urn, with a monogram on the neck, over a picture of Menelaus, in full armor, trying to get around the bulge at the bottom and pull a pink Cupid out of a mistletoe plantation struck by lightning. It is generally fatal.

AN exchange tells us that the feminine mind resents a joke. We call attention to the truth of this statement. Never joke with a woman. Belt her over the head with a coal-scuttle, chuck blacking-brushes at her, throw her out of the window; but don't wound the sensitive fibres of her soul by any humorous remarks. Woman is not paragraphic by nature.

A CLERGYMAN by the name of Armitage has been calling Colonel Ingersoll "the new Goliath of Gath;" and our erudite contemporary, the *Sun*, wants to know "Where is the new Daniel, with his pebbles and sling?" We are happy to inform the *Sun* that Daniel is coming right along "with his pebbles and sling." He will probably arrive about the same time as Moses with his jaw-bone of an ass and Samuel with his little hatchet.



PUCK'S
ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.
SENATE.

WASHINGTON, February 8, 1878.
The Silver Bill again.

SENATOR HILL had come to the conclusion that the discussion of the question required no ornamentation. It was well that it didn't, because he wasn't much of a hand at rhetoric. For his part, he'd be willing to go back to the Spartan Monetary policy and coin iron dollars, same size as gold ones, and make them of equal value. This would encourage the iron trade. SENATOR BLAINE wished to know if he rightly understood Senator Hill.

SENATOR HILL said he couldn't supply brains to Senator Blaine.

SENATOR BLAINE. "On the contrary. I want to give him some of mine."

SENATOR HILL continued: "Niggers liked silver and this was an unanswerable argument for its being remonetized. They might hoard it and in a few hundred years it would probably be worth more than gold. Bond-holders and class legislation were his particular horrors, that is to say, class legislation if it touched his pocket. He (Senator Hill) was the boss, particular incarnation of everything that was representative. He represented the people, the government and the truth. He strongly objected to people saying that there was such a thing as fraud in the legislation. Everybody knew or ought to know that this was the finest government in the world.

SENATOR WITHERS never had a decided opinion about anything and was ready to go "all round my hat," and veer to any point of the compass that the situation might require. Gold was gold and silver was silver and vice versa. He defied anybody to prove anything to the contrary. New Englanders were hoarding greenbacks and were going to change them for gold.

SENATOR EATON said that if Senator Withers's credit was good enough, he could borrow fifty millions of dollars in New York on good security.

SENATOR RANDOLPH knew how it was himself.

SENATOR WITHERS hadn't finished yet. The taxpayer had been suffering since the close of the war in the interest of the bondholder. What a happy country this ought to be, when we found how suspicious European holders of our bonds were becoming, that they were now sending them here to find out if they were worth five cents on the dollar. Let Americans owe money to themselves—no people were better at the business of owing. Repudiate everything; make brass pinchbeck; copper, tin and silver legal tenders. Let a dollar be made out of any metal to suit the fancy of the holder, and then the United States would become the best-governed country on the globe, its citizens the honestest and the happiest, its coinage the most debased and admirable, its fiscal policy the most unprincipled, and its statesmen the most contemptible. Do all this, and the great American Eagle would have to flap his wings with redoubled vigor.

SCISSORS AND QUILL.

A lady in Black Rock, Ct., noticed for several days recently that the earth in one of her flower-pots was disturbed, and at last made an examination, which brought to light four live adders about a foot long, snugly curled up in the bottom.—*Boston Globe.*

But would not a little Brown Jug make a man see snakes as soon as a Black Crock?

"Poker" is the name of a new play in San Francisco. It ought to "draw."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Not if the actors get "full."

In London, years ago, a prize of \$50 was offered for the best original joke, and Horne Took it.—*Norristown Herald.*

Now, be honest. Didn't Theodore Hook it?—(?)

We don't know about that, but we believe a London publisher Hiddit.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Now we should have A Ward-ed it differently.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

We know some Hood have thought differently.

What's one man's fish is another man's poisson.—*Boston Post.*

Truite is.

The government has offered Bayard Taylor, the translator of Goethe, the mission to Berlin, and if he is sharp he will Goethe. N. B.—If you can't pronounce the latter name you will see the joke, but not much of it. It's only a little one.—*P. I. Man.*

No self-respecting joker would try to jest in this Schiller-Shaller way.

Miss Mary Anderson has decided to appear no longer in a play in which she has been successful, as it conflicts with her sense of maidenly propriety to assume the attire of a young man. Perhaps our Annie Louise Cary felt so at first, but if she did, she has bravely got over it, for at the "Faust" matinee she looked very piquant with her little purple mantle and purple tights, but, indeed, if her mother had seen her she wouldn't have recognized her.—*Hartford Times.*

So Miss Anderson does not like it and Miss Cary does?—ahem, Miss Cary has a good pair.

LITERARY NOTES.

—A literary fortnightly calls Miss Braddon a novel factory, a human hopper for the turning out of fiction. Human hopper—well, since she is fair, fat, and forty-five or so, why not a *grasse* hopper?

—Now that Bret Harte has published "A Story of Mine," Joaquin Miller will have to bring out "My Awful Whopper," and Eli Perkins, emerging from his retirement at Sazerac, will lecture on "Truth, Solid Truth."

—Mr. Edgar Fawcett has written poems on all the flowers of the field, and has now taken to do the dwellers in the sky—meteors and such. In time he will come to chemistry, and we shall expect stanzas on a stalagnite, a sonnet on sodium, and an epic on ipecac.

—Mr. de Cordova has a new lecture on "That Dog Next Door." It must be something of a task for sedate New England lecture committees to find all the bootjacks and brickbats needed to adequately illustrate any adequate discussion of the subject.

—The *Library Table* has a neat criticism on "The Sparkling Cup," a "temperance drama," founded on a T. S. Arthurian legend, and more interesting for those who like that sort of thing, as Mr. Lincoln would have said, than Tennyson's more polished lines.

—Since the discontinuance of the *Galaxy* Mr. Richard Grant White has much spare time, and so we hear that he is to run a paragraph column in the *Atlantic*.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No. XLVI.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS
DISCUSSED.

Ya-as, there's a gweat deal going on now in aw this city. Jack and I weceive numerous aw cards and invitations to weceptions, balls and dinnah-parties.

There are Americans he-ah who call themselves aw "society." Don't weally know what the deuce that means. Perwhaps they give it the name because they are verwy fond of each othah's society. But, 'pon my soul, this twibe of people are tolerwably endurwable aw, I may even aw say agweeable, and of course they like to have fellows like Jack and me at their tables.

Those who have Fwench cooks don't give bad dinnahs, by Jove; and some of these affairs are managed in quite the pwopah English style, with verwy little of the Amerwican natural barbarwism in such aw mattahs. The gweatest dwawback is that a fellow nevah aw knows to whom he is talking. The girl may be decent enough, but is pwobably a twadesman's daughter, and the fellow a member of Congress or a pwofessional man.

I have also been dwagged to some aw arwagements which are called literwawy weceptions. I weally didn't want to go, but Jack said it was all wight, and that a stwanger ought to make it his business to see everwthing in a new countwy.

I was aw intwoduced to a cadaverwous looking, dwied-up, middle-aged female cweature, who edits perwiodicals about dwessmaking and embwoiderwy and such description of literwature. I nevah wead that sort of thing, yer know—it's quite out of my line. A lot of wetchedly-dwessed fellows called cwitics were also there. Jack says they wite for newspapers about the dwama, wacing, etceterwa. How fellows who have such horwible tailors can be authorwities on any subject is incompwehensibly to me.

Two othah balls—fellows, after twying verwy hard, persuaded me to go to aw. One was called the Charwity—because, I believe, the gweenbacks waised go to welieve people who are widiculous enough not to pwovide themselves with pwoper necessarwies of life.

The forweigners he ah—Germans, you know—have an arwangement called a Leadencranky—doosid queer names forweigners give things. It is a sort of masquerade, and a gweat many people make asses of themselves by wunning about in devilish odd dwesses. There were gwoups of indeswivable things, in all the colors of the wainbow—but I weally can't wack my bwain to say anything more about such foolerwy.

Aw by the way, I he-ah that Wussia is going to give us some twouble—wather a bore. Jack says he'll pwobably have to join his aw wegment aw.

THE maddest man in the United States is Mr. Able, of Carthage, Mo. He was sentenced to be hanged on Friday two weeks ago. On Thursday evening he learned that influential friends had procured him a respite for thirty days, and had got all the evidence to acquit him on a new trial. He learned it just after he had made a full and free confession of the crime. It is interesting to know that Mr. Able will cease being mad on the 22nd of this month.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THIS poetic and sentimental day occurs on the fourteenth of February. That's about as good a day for it to occur on as any other; and as it only happens once a year, there is not much to be said against it.

February is an otherwise distinguished month. The father of our country was born in it. But St. Valentine's Day gets the best of that anniversary by eight days. As an illustration of the mild and indulgent character of George Washington, it may here be mentioned that he was never heard to make any complaint on that account.

February, being a month of so many notable characteristics, contents itself with fewer days, but crams all the fun it can into its limited number.

(An incidental puff for the ball season doesn't seem out of place. The Liederkrantz has just blazed its latest blaze, and tickets for the Arion can be had at five dollars a piece.)

Little is known of St. Valentine himself, to whom the fourteenth of February is sacred. This may be well for him. History, when she is silent, is generally merciful. If St. Valentine hadn't paid his board-bill regularly, and otherwise conducted himself as a respectable member of society, some flaming page would have recorded the fact—you can bet—in big type. This much is certain, though: he didn't go through Ireland killing snakes, nor did he pass his leisure hours wrestling with dragons. If he had, he would probably have got the worst of it. He wasn't the kind of man for those playful pastimes. So far as can be judged, he was of a refined, innocuous and cheerful disposition. Perhaps he was given to ceramics. If he was, though, he could never have spelt it with a k. His soft and pliant nature couldn't have soared outside of a c.

St. Valentine must have been a man of literary tastes. But it is to be hoped that if he ever wrote verse, he did better than the lines which accompany the colored pictures that are sent around on the fourteenth.

It is on this delightful day that the young man with the susceptible heart finds out the girl at whose shrine he has been worshipping with frenzied zeal for months past, and sends her a boxful of tinselled paper, with pictures of Cupids and things turning flip-flaps over "loves and doves" in printing-ink.

This is in honor of St. Valentine. I am sure St. Valentine must appreciate it. Why this particular mode of honoring him should have come into use is not known. It is supposed to be an expression of sentiment. Perhaps it is. But when you receive a lurid penny-picture, with a full-length portrait of yourself as a cross-eyed gorilla, with your hand on your heart and a look of dyspeptic sorrow on your brow, hovering over four lines of rhyme that allude pleasantly to a wash-bill, you wonder where in thunder the sentiment comes in.

There is an old notion that birds "choose their mates and couple on this day." This is important, if true. Not that it explains why people should send pictures to one another, but it accounts in a measure for the prevalence of birds in the pictures. This, though, is not entirely satisfactory. There are no particular

birds specified, and the mating of crows or pelicans is of comparatively little sentimental interest.

There are several things to be said in favor of sending valentines.

It helps the valentine trade. It also enkindles in the prosaic breast of man a subtle feeling of sympathy.

The man who will send a valentine is not devoid of a redeeming quality. He may be an idiot, but he is not absolutely stony-hearted. Besides, his idiocy will be undiscovered; for the practice that approves of sending valentines, approves of sending them anonymously.

And isn't it a sweet thought that you, who have never dared confess your love to the one fair idol of your dreams, can have the glorious privilege of sending it to her in a picture and a rhyme? Yes, it is a sweet thought indeed! And sweet, too, are the consequences that may result—especially if she thinks your beautiful valentine came from the other fellow, and immediately accepts him as her chosen one, in reward.

I want to offer some advice on this valentine business. Don't send one to the only girl you ever loved, if you haven't given her some previous hint that she will receive one—unless you like to waste your young affection.

Don't let your young lady's little brother see you mailing the valentine, either. He won't appreciate the sentiment. Ten chances to one he will send you back a picture in return that will convey his disgust in emphatic and unromantic form.

Be very particular in the selection of your rhymes.

To a guileless sweetheart it doesn't matter much what you send, if it be only simple and tender. An occasional "heart and dart" is all that is necessary.

If the sweetheart possess greater mentality, avoid the "dart and heart" and tackle the "passion and fashion."

If it be to one whom you adore, but who hasn't given any token of reciprocal adoration, you may send the "sigh and die" and "yearn and burn."

If you can write your own rhymes, all the better. You will then be able to entwine some thought that you both share with your missive, and thus give her a clue to the sender. For instance, if you have both agreed, in previous conversations, that cocoa is a good thing to drink for breakfast, you can poetically allude to that idea amid the sentiment of your song. Something after this fashion;

The years that roll
Us to our goal
May softly come and softly go!
But never let
Us two forget
The breakfast flavored with cocoa;
And if some day
We lovers may
Unite beyond this world of woe,
Perhaps we two
May still pursue
That plan of breakfast with cocoa.

And a little picture of a breakfast-table wouldn't be bad to send along with it.

If the young lady is of a passionate kind—one of those dangerous darlings who revel in Swinburne, you can whip up your muse something in this style:

Who am I, paltry plaything of passion,
That thus dares to adore thee for aye,
In a feverish and fathomless fashion!
With a soul that must succor or slay,
Can song sing a pæon of pleasure
One tithe so divine as I dream?
The paper I'd need for such measure
Were more than a ream!

Perhaps—though it is hardly a supposable case—the lady you are sending the valentine to doesn't care for poetry. In that case it is difficult to advise you what to do. Such a young lady must necessarily be of a practical, domestic turn of mind. A pair of stockings, or a potato-peeler, or some other kitchen-utensil, wouldn't be a bad thing to send along with the valentine, just to show your appreciation of her.

A word to the ladies:

As for the other kind of valentines—those abusive ones—caution is very necessary in their use. Generally, a man who receives one feels it deeply. You may abuse his mother-in-law, step on his new hat, or call him names, and he won't mind it; but send him a valentine that doesn't flatter him, and you wound every inch of manhood in his noble bosom. He will leave no stone on earth unturned until he has found you out. And then—then—what pen can picture the consequences!

But the man who is depraved enough—who is so lost to all sense of masculine nobility—to send an outrageous valentine to one of the softer sex, deserves to be discovered. He commits a crime against the laws of St. Valentine. And yet—how many have done it, and how many will do it again! So long as feminine hearts are proud and scornful, so long as noses will turn up, so long will these barriers to felicity be exposed in print and color. We own it reluctantly, but truth compels us to state that *we*—yes, even we, champion of virtue and righteousness—have written rhymes to fit unsavory pictures that have gone forth as missives to tender creatures, who have opened the envelopes with fluttering hearts in the delusive hope that a tale of love would unfold itself in rhyme.

We have a distinct recollection of sending a valentine to a young lady with auburn hair—very auburn hair—and sundry similar accomplishments; and the burden of the song that went with it was this:

Your beauty pales the beauteous star
Of morn!
Words cannot tell how fair you are—
In a horn!
To say I love you were but idle chaff—
How true!
You are my precious darling and a half—
Are you!
What words can paint your nose, your brow, your eye,
Your hair?
Your many charms my feeble pen defy,
I swear!
To name them, every one, would, I am sure,
Raise Cain
With all the adjectives Love can conjure,
So I'll refrain!

One week exactly after this missive had reached its destination, the young lady's big brother paid us a visit and demanded an explanation.

The result was unsatisfactory.

Unsatisfactory to us—as a man and a poet.

And it is for that reason that we boldly reassert that the man who is so lost to all sense of masculine nobility as to send an outrageous valentine to one of the softer sex, deserves to be discovered.

On general principles, the nature of the valentine should depend entirely upon the sender and the receiver. No matter what your missive will say, much will always remain unsung. And though St. Valentine may not have been a fighting-man himself, he is the cause, occasionally, of not a little belligerent circus in others.

MASQUERADE.

ROBED in a garment of gold,
Glittering with treasures untold,
All at the masquerade!

She whom I loved stood by me,
Mask nor disguise could defy me,
She, only she, looked so queenly,
Sauntered and smiled so serenely;
Here would I ask what I never
Yet had found heart to endeavor.
All at the masquerade!

Music, and murmurs, and sighs
Mingle and lower and rise,
All at the masquerade!
Colors and lights grow confusing,
All that is mad and amusing
Joins in bewildering blending,
Crowding delights never ending;
Could she find calm 'mid the flutter;
Calm that one soft word to utter,
All at the masquerade?

Boundless and bounteous bliss!
Was there such heaven as this,
All at the masquerade?
Joy! she has given her answer,
Radiant and roseate entrancer,
Bless her for that sweet confession!
Bless her for Love's own expression
"Yes!" Were my senses deceiving?
Was not this hope past believing?
All at the masquerade!

* * * *

Trust not the smile of your fate,
Truth that is bitter comes late,
After the masquerade!
She who had spoken so kindly,
She whom I trusted so blindly,
Fled e'er the morning thereafter;
Vanished with jest and with laughter,
"Yes" was her mask of the hour;
Who can say what is man's dower
After the masquerade?

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

And in these days ariseth the statesman who owneth a silver mine in Nevada, and he putteth one hand beneath the tails of his coat, and the other he sticketh in his shirt-front, and he setteth himself up before the people and saith: "Lo! now, bow down and worship me, for I am a Public Benefactor!" And it shall come to pass that the people shall rise as one man, and discount that Statesman, and take him at 90 per cent. of his face-value. And they shall say unto him, in the language of the Prophet: "Go to."

Now, moreover, cometh the old man who hath white hairs, and whose legs are not like the pillars of the temple, but in whose veins is the blood of youth. And he goeth forth among the young men and maidens and chooseth him a wife, who is also a widow. And thereupon the sons of that old man conspire together and say: "Our father is mad, that he hath done this thing. Therefore let us put him away privily, for else are we robbed of our inheritance." But the old man taketh counsel of the widow, and they flee from the sight of man, and are hid for many days: yea, even until such time as the sons have made fools of themselves in the eyes of the people. And then come forth they that were hidden, and they say, "Ahi! ahi!" and they call their friends together and they rejoice and make merry.

This also is the time when Flavius Josephus,

surnamed Cook, cometh out of Boston. And there is desolation and weeping and wailing throughout the land. But in the camp of the Eliperkins is there feasting, and much gladness in the strongholds of the Sergeantbates, and among the Georgefrancistrainites, and the Diolewisians, and the Privatedallzellites. For they say unto themselves: "Our ally is risen unto us, and become as one of our own kin."

And now have we well-nigh struck the time when there come into the office of the weary editor the man who peddleth books, and the fiend who is kin unto him, and who selleth the festive and variegated map, and the youth who hath a chromo-route and a sick family, and the young poet who is premature with the song he hath writ concerning the Spring, and more like unto these. And ere long there shall be rumors and sweet sayings in the mouths of the dealers in meat, and them who keep boarding-houses. For there shall be an unprecedented activity in the canned-hash trade, and the price thereof shall go down until men shall marvel greatly.

Furthermore, about this time the weather getteth mixed, like unto a man who hath vowed certain things unto himself on the first day of the year. And the Oldest Inhabitant becometh a raving lunatic, and layeth aside his reason and his outer garments, and knoweth not whether to buy a pair of skates or to celebrate the Fourth of July. Selah!

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

THE YONKERS GAZETTE is Holden its own bravely.

THE NEW YORK MAIL has a talented, able and appreciative pair of shears. Identity unknown.

THE KANSAS CITY TIMES is occasionally fresh in its deportment. The same reproach can not be made against its reading matter.

THE DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR, of Philadelphia, is now the recognized organ of the theatrical profession, and the profession is to be congratulated thereon.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER has entered its fiftieth year. PUCK takes off his cap to this venerable sage, and wishes him many more half-centuries as healthily progressive as the last.

AN exchange tells us that "the Syracuse Standard is as bright as ever." We construe this as a puff for "ever." The paper is bright, though—bright as a silver dollar; and a Standard, too, which the dollar isn't.

THE NEW YEAR has brought prosperity to the Boston Home Journal, which has appeared enlarged and improved. This at least goes to show that improvement was possible, a fact unsuspected, hitherto, by the many readers of this excellent family journal.

ONE of our exchanges recently committed an act of gross injustice to one of the English "comics," which it accused of perpetrating: "why is a weary man like a wheel?—because he's tired." We believe the atrocity is to be laid at the door of the Portchester Journal.

MR. REWEY and another gentleman unknown to paragraphic fame have bought the Worcester Press. It was about as good as it could be before, but, if possible, the new proprietors will improve it. There is only one single fault to be found with the Worcester Press—its speech is silvern, which is a bad thing.

NOUS avons déjà eu occasion de speaker highly de l'enterprise, chic et general meri-

toriousness de notre esteemed parleyvoo contemporary, le *Courrier Suisse*, qui, sous l'administration admirable de M. Fritz Hirschy, a already fait de sonself l'organe de la population Suisse aux Etats-Unis, ce qui fait également credit to the good sense of ladite population et aux nombreux good points du *Courrier*.

THE ARGONAUT, of San Francisco, is, in its new form, not only an excessively handsome paper, but interesting and well edited from stem to stern, and lightened by a touch of jauntily blasphemous Californianism. There is, however, one blemish on the beauty of the *Argonaut*—its "Literary Notes." They are got up by a clam-brained maniac whom 'twere base flattery to call an animated bunion. We say this more especially on account of a blazing bad notice he gave our *Almanac*.

THE littérateur who caresses the irons for the N. Y. *Evening Post* is a gentleman of talent and culture, but he is not quite as well read in the paragraphic journalism of the day as he might be. With the best intentions in the world, he mixes his credits occasionally. We say it more in sorrow than in anger—we are not the Burlington *Hawkeye*—we are not. But we must take this opportunity to express our acknowledgment to the *Post* for various courtesies in the copying line. If the *Post* will write paragraphs we will reciprocate.

Answers for the Anxious.

MARIE.—Marry.

N. Y.—N. Y. D.!

LEGGETT.—Leg it.

SUBSODA.—Subside.

HASELTINE.—We don't believe she would.

TOPE.—Your "Pæan in Praise of Cold Water" is very good; but we are not pæanising in praise of cold water just now.

G. R. GILHOOLEY.—The idea of your "story" is excellent. Mark Twain thought so, too, a long time ago; and he wrote it out much better than you have done, Mr. Gilhooley.

ACHERON.—Our scope is vast, and our capacities are manifold and multiform, but we are not a city directory. We don't know the address you desire; if we did, we shouldn't give it to you, and we don't care a snap about the whole business, anyway. From this you may infer that it will be as well to direct your inquiries elsewhere.

MYTHUS, Terre Haute.—We'll tell you what it is, Mythus. The Terre Haute people ought to build a good, strong, solid, Macadamized road leading straight into Canada, paved and graded. And then they ought to take you, quietly but resolutely, and walk you out on that road. You might possibly ornament Canada. You're wasted here.

JEANNETTE.—We have grave objections to listening to the nightingale at this season of the year, Jeannette, and we can't oblige you. That bird of yours may be a very nice bird, and we don't mean to cast any reflections on his musical ability, but if he chooses to stand out in the snow and run the risk of an attack of influenza, all right—but he's got to get some other editor to serenade.

LYSANDER.—You are a bold young Greek, but Achilles himself, in all the glorious pomp and panoply of war, reaching for us with a broadsword, couldn't convince us that a 17-line sonnet with a bay window extension Alexandrine is square prosody. Petrarch was the only man who ever put more or less than the regulation 14 lines into his sonnets, and he wrote them to another man's wife, and she had a squint. So there is no analogy between your cases.

PUCK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.—AMNESTY AM
NASTY AND UNPALATABLE TO SOME PEOPLE.
JOHNSON ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVES FOR A FIGHT
WITH CONGRESS.—SIGNS OF A SHINDY.—
THE PRESIDENT EXPERIENCES THE TRUE
INWARDNESS OF IMPEACHMENT.—MOUNSEER
IN MEXICO.—MAXIMILIAN'S BODY BECOMES A
RECEPTACLE FOR MEXICAN BULLETS.—JOHN
BULL AND UNCLE SAM JOIN HANDS BY CABLE.
—RUSSIA SELLS ALASKA.—GRANT FINDS HIM-
SELF PRESIDENT.

It is now PUCK's mournful duty to refer to a subject which can never be contemplated by any patriotic American citizen without feelings of profound sorrow.

This was the brutal cold-blooded assassination of President Lincoln by a Confederate assassin—who afterwards met his deserts.

Andy Johnson was now President—he'd been doing the vice business previously, and did not keep himself quite as carefully wrapped up in lavender as a certain vice president, who shall be nameless, but who is not wholly unconnected with the present occupant of the White House.

Johnson, by profession a tailor, was naturally a good hand at repairing. He knew where to put patches in the right place. Consequently he went in heavily for reconstruction.

The chivalrous Southron received a little encouragement to do business again—especially when he found that something in the shape of amnesty was flying around.

Two-thirds of the States had in the meantime arrived at the conclusion that although men might come and men might go, niggers must be free and slavery must be abolished.

This was known as the Thirteenth Amendment.

But a mine was ready to explode under the feet of the President.

Congress didn't like his way of reconstructing the Southern States.

Fiery orators denounced it as "snide" in the extreme.

Johnson was a long time recovering from his astonishment when he found, in March, 1867, that Congress had passed a reconstruction act over the President's veto, just telling the Secession States what they'd have to do in order to shake hands over the bloody chasm. And if they didn't want to shake, why they'd have to, that's all, or they'd have to cultivate a close acquaintance with military governors.

Things went on in this cat-and-dog style for some time, until as pretty a quarrel as ordinary mortals are accustomed to clap eyes on began to develop between Congress and the President.

The Tenure of Office Bill was one of the wedges that increased the split between Andy and Congress.

Andy did not like the look of Stanton, who was the useful and ornamental individual who had charge of the war department. He thought that his beard was not of a sufficiently delicate shade, and wished him to shave. Stanton stoutly refused.

Andy, after once more telling him to go and shave himself, told him to git.

Stanton got, and General Grant was appointed in his stead to take charge.

Congress got up on its ear to a pretty considerable extent. It swore at Andy in several languages and dialects, and finished by declaring that the President had exceeded his power

in removing Stanton; and the latter went back to work and drew his salary with the air of a martyr.

But Andy was not to be sat upon in this way—not by any manner of means.

Stanton again got fired out, and General Thomas had a shy at the business of war secretary.

Whereupon the Senate gave Andy a very extensive piece of its mind, declaring that he had violated the Constitution. Andy didn't scare worth a cent.

The House of Representatives now resolved to get up a first-class circus in the shape of an impeachment of the recalcitrant President.

It was a long trial before the Senate, and was the boss one for tediousness.

Andy was acquitted, but it was only by the skin of his teeth.

One solitary vote would have made the requisite two-thirds, and then there might have been trouble for Andy.

France had for a long time shown a lively interest in Mexican affairs. Its interest got so lively that one fine day it found itself an ally of the high-toned party in Mexico. This bloated aristocratic faction had ridden rough-shod over the liberals, and succeeded in making them take a very back seat.

Mr. Maximilian, who was called the Archduke of Austria for short, was counted in as emperor, and comfortably settled himself on the throne.

Mexico thus became an empire; and the bayonets of French soldiers supplied by Napoleon the Little helped to support this new departure.

The United States, having got rid of one war, and having tasted blood pretty freely during its continuance, thought that it had a right to do as the effete nations of Europe have been doing from time immemorial, and looked black at the French troops in a neighboring State.

Uncle Sam asked Nap what in thunder he meant by it. Nap replied that it was all a mistake. The soldiers had merely been sent there for their health. This was not strictly true, for many of them didn't have any more health, or life either, for that matter. There are just as good graves in Mexico as in any other part of the world, and the atmosphere is equally as favorable for shuffling off this mortal coil.

Maximilian as an emperor was not a success. The Mexicans determined to try what his fighting-weight was. They found it decidedly light, and ended by putting daylight through him with bullets, having got through the trifling preliminaries of defeating and capturing him. This was rough treatment, and it ruffled Mrs. Maximilian considerably, who immediately became a first-class lunatic.

We must not forget to mention that England and America joined themselves hand in hand, or rather cabled themselves together. The electric spark now had a clear track to course from Valencia Bay, Ireland, to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and New Yorkers were surprised to find that through eighteen hundred miles of cable they had to learn how much behind the Britishers they were, notwithstanding all the American boasted ability to whip creation. London gets through her day while New York is beginning to think about it. While we are at breakfast London has made out its menu for dinner.

The gloriously frozen region of Alaska, in October, 1861, passed into our hands—the United States', not Puck's, for he wouldn't be comfortable there with a double-banked ulster. Why we bought these five hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land for seven millions of dollars is one of those things that no fellow has ever been able to find out. Perhaps the Secretary of the Treasury wanted a seal-skin sacque for his wife.

Grant, who had distinguished himself some

during the war, learned that he must call himself a Republican, and then he would have a good chance of becoming President. He immediately set to work to endeavor to appreciate the distinction between a Democrat and a Republican. We would not swear that he knows now; but be this as it may, the fall of 1868 found Ulysses Simpson Grant most high and mighty President of the United States.

Schuyler Colfax was elected vice-president. As subsequent events have proved, there was much name and nature about this last title.

Horatio Seymour, the Democratic candidate, was not elected. Indeed, Horatio got completely licked out of his boots.

(To be continued.)

THE INNOCENT OFFICE-BOY.

WE have got a boy—that is, we had a boy. We chased him out of the office, and the place that knew him knows him no more. We advertised for an apprentice-boy—and he came; in fact, several of them came. We selected a boy named Jim, and hired him for a week on trial, because he looked so good and innocent! And his trousers were such an attraction, being a mixture of open-work on the back, and cloth factory around the bottoms. In fact, the lower extremities of these trousers seemed to be the chief idea of the tailor who made them. The bottoms rounded out into curved lines of beauty—and hid a very large pair of feet. But he looked so innocent! After engaging him, we told him to come around to the office prompt the next morning at 7 o'clock. He came, and we came—but he was there before us, and had opened the day's labor by taking the office cat and covering her with ink and pieces of white and yellow "proof" paper, so that the cat looked like a Chinaman out for a holiday. We gently admonished him, but he intimated that the cat did not object, and he didn't see why we should. We did not argue the question, he was so innocent! As we came in to the office in the morning we thought we had heard him tell another boy that he had spoilt a lung-tester for a man the day before, but when we asked him to sweep out he said his lungs were delicate and dust hurt them. He was so innocent! We thought we must have been mistaken in regard to the remark. We went out in the course of the morning, and when we came back Jim had "chewed up" one of the press composition rollers and was making inroads on a second. We arrived just in time to prevent him from choking. He didn't mean anything, he was so innocent! We took up a "proof" that lay on the desk, and were petrified to find it read somewhat in this style:

"The Dynamite Dramatic Company is the best that has appeared in our city for some time—and we take pleasure in recommending their galvanized pads as the best cure for all diseases—especially on the question of the silver bill, which is one that no American citizen in his right senses can possibly advocate, much less—see that the sewer department has a correct view of sanitary measures, as it is necessary in laying out the plan of such work that the greatest possible good should result—to the aforesaid gentleman, who has repeatedly stated what we know to be an untruth; we can only say that he has not the slightest idea of what cures everything; all like it; the success of the age."

And the proof finished up with a "cut" of a nursing-bottle. Six different articles spoilt by Jim. We said nothing, but gave him evidence that there was a "rise in leather," but he still looked innocent.

J. MYGATT.

A LOVER'S WORDS.

HOLD your dimpled hand in mine,
While fondly you look in my eyes;
Before me luscious dreams divine
Arise.

As swift the heavenly moments fly,
Sweet mutable tints your cheeks illumine
And rapture fills your bosom, I
Presume.

In this lone bower, where breezes wing
With fragrance as the flowers they woo,
I vow I like this sort of thing—
Don't you?

You're opulent as the starless blue
When morn's gold kisses on it glow;
You're pretty—this, already, you
May know.

Your exquisite charms would gain you fame;
You do eclipse each fabled myth;
Yes, even Pallas, though your name
Is Smith.

Now, as your wine-warm labials touch
Your pretty, ribboned ivory fan,
I wish to tell you very much,
Fair Anne,

That you, and only you alway,
Whose smile o'er me enchantment throws—
(The rest the gentle reader may
Suppose.)

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

VI.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

BY NED SCUPPER.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR o'clock P.M.
She was leaning out of her second-story window. Miss Fitzgig was.

The sun was pouring down the street and immersed Miss Fitzgig's head and shoulders in its rays, as it still protruded from under the window sash. Her auburn locks blushed fiercely under the steady gaze of the said sun, while her freckles meandered carelessly over her face and held sway at her nose tip, like innocent fleas on the driest point of an aquatically dying cat.

A small boy sat on the opposite door-step and caught, with a fragment of looking-glass, some waste rays of sunlight and reflected them plumb into Miss Fitzgig's left optic.

It was glass; it was "ashes of roses" color, with a blue purple, and as that eye caught the infection of sunlight, from the small boy, it shot its photograph over the way on to a fence picket, and so closely did it resemble the "Good Night" phantasmagoria of a Sunday-school magic lantern finale, that the small boy fell asleep, and the eye faded.

CHAPTER II.

An aged tramp slumbered beneath the self-same window from which Miss Fitzgig's angularities exposed their knobby terminations; his mouth lay open, while gushing snores floated lazily out of his vacuum and were echoed by the circus donkey on the next square.

An exclamation of impatience escaped Miss Fitzgig's coral lips, as she cracked a soft-shell pecan between her \$30-set of pearly teeth and dug out the meat with her forefinger-nail, grown long for that purpose. And as she threw the shells at a retreating spider on the water gutter, she murmured: "Oh w-y!"

Just at that moment she observed the aged tramp beneath her window, which caused her to strain her attention once more, and, leaning far, far out of the window, she gasped: "'Tis he!" But before she could extract her person from the hole in the window, her left transparent eye, magnetized by her excitement, leaped from its socket, and—glancing on the aged tramp's windpipe, shot, with great velocity, down his throat.

CHAPTER III.

Thoroughly startled from his siesta on the banquette, by a dream in every way in keeping with the "eye" circumstances, the aged tramp wrestled himself into a standing position, and as he looked up and beheld Miss Fitzgig descending by means of the lightning-rod, in pursuit of her eye, he thundered: "At last, at last! O, Maria, MARIA! I am now happy!!" and as she loosened her grip on the electric rod and floated gently down into his arms, converting his corns into wafers, a sigh of love escaped him.

And there on the curbstone, these gentle beings, long separated, but now like two fall leaves together—

"In each other's arms breathe out the tender tale,"
And he relates, how he is out on bail!

Long years ago the aged tramp and Miss Fitzgig had enjoyed the companionship of one another as dear friends. One day they were out walking; Miss Fitzgig stepped on a lemon peel and skated down an open cellar, eye-brows first; her left eye was charmed away by the corner of a coal lump, and her friend, now the aged tramp, spurned her!

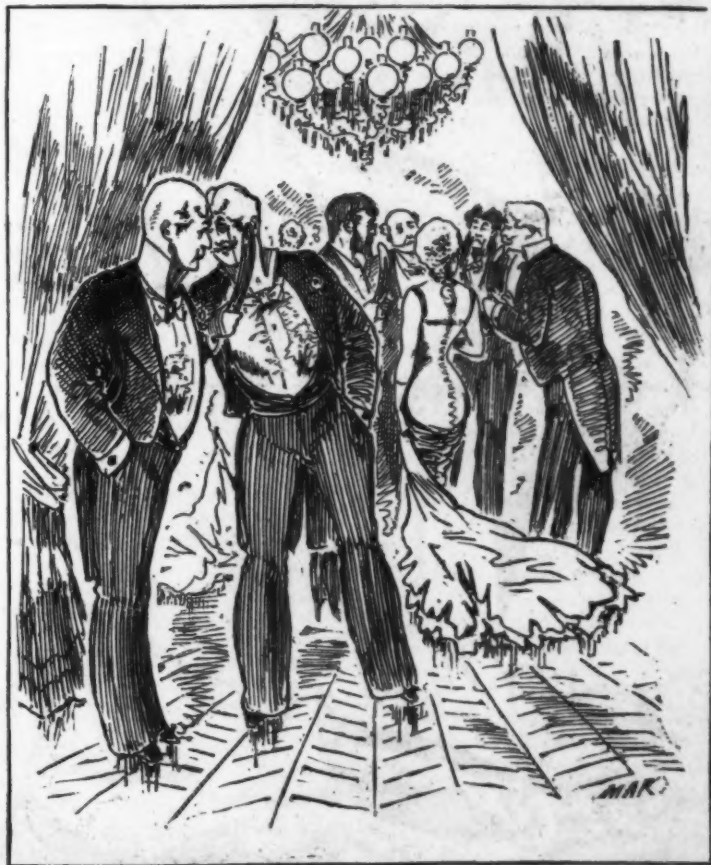
CHAPTER IV.

Years roll on; her friend is now traveling the world over, seeking selfish happiness and trying to obliterate that last picture of Miss Fitzgig with only one eye from his memory.

He does not succeed in finding happiness, he does not succeed in crushing out his one eyed remembrances; on the contrary, he meets with misfortune—loses his scalp on the frontier—is hard pushed and sells his eye-teeth in Sheffield, Eng., for knife-handles—goes to South America and falls in love with the Queen of Monkeys, who closely resembles Miss Fitzgig—the Queen escapes from him—he goes to Africa—hasn't a penny, but finds a scent—starts home on a chip—in fact, is sent home—lies down under the old familiar window—falls asleep—Miss Fitzgig sp-eyes him—and (blue lights.)

The Justice is marrying them; the aged tramp fits a mosquito-bar ring on her little finger,—her other small fingers are all too big,—and after the Justice has said: "That's all," and refused to kiss either of them, they quietly embark for home, with a paper of green per-simmons.

OUR BEST SOCIETY.



First Fashionable Financier.—"Hello, Charley, how is it you aren't cutting out those fellows around old Smiffkins's daughter? Abandoned the field, eh?"

Second F. F.—"Well, yes. You see, she wouldn't like living in Canada, and—I don't mind mentioning it to you, confidentially—I rehypothecate to-morrow."

PUCK'S VALENTINES (ON SEATLES)

by HERRER



PUCK.



GREAT NATIONAL LOTTERY.

\$100,000 IN PRIZES.

*Catalogue of Paintings and other Works of Art
to be drawn at Washington on the
22d of February.*

No. 1 is a full-length portrait of a "Politician" with his hands in his own pockets by mistake. This is a Gem.

No. 2 is a "Tribe of Indians" on their way to their Reservation in Alaska. In the distance is a pair of Arctics, made up on the Last of the Mohicans.

No. 3 is a "Workingman digging two graves." In the background two funerals are approaching, one headed by Thurlow Weed, and the other by Samuel J. Tilden. The anguish depicted on the faces of the two chief mourners would melt the heart of a tax-collector.

No. 4 is a figure of "Benjamin F. Butler," done in brass. The brass is good, and is worth much more in Massachusetts than anywhere else.

No. 5 is a picture of "President Hayes," done in water-colors. It represents him in his great four-horse act of driving North, South, East and West around a political ring. The President is standing firmly on the Southern horse. The other horses are rearing and plunging, but the driver has them well in hand, and is evidently able to manage them.

No. 6 is "Peter Cooper," buoyed in the middle of the Potomac, with a green bladder tied around his waist, as a warning to all other lunatics to steer clear of greenback breakers.

No. 7 is "George Washington." This painting has been neglected, and is not worth much at present; but as a "souvenir" it is invaluable.

No. 8 is a "Democratic Rooster" crowing over a victory in 1880. This is a crowmore, and rather hastily executed.

No. 9 is an "Honest Man" before the war. General Grant's features can be easily traced in this wood-cut.

There are a number of fancy sketches; one is President Hayes promoting some lazy custom house officials—with his boot.

Another is a Confederate soldier, receiving pay for his services during the rebellion from Uncle Sam.

Another is B. F. Butler receiving the freedom of the city of New York—in a horn.

The last is a design for a new national coat-of-arms. It represents a vulture rampant, holding in his beak a Bungtown copper, and underneath it the motto: "*In hoc signo vinces.*"



EVERY MAN HIS OWN LIFE-PRESERVER.

Puck's Patent for slippery days.



DRAMATIC NOTES.

"SCHOOL" is a decided success at Wallack's. GRANGER THE GORGEOUS appears at the Park this week.

MISS ROSE EYTINGE is taking Cleopatra on her travels again.

SARDOU'S "Exiles" will go (appropriately enough) to Booth's.

THE Pappenheim-Adams Opera is filling the Academy with vocal ecstasy.

JOANNES plays *King Lear* at the Lyceum on Friday. He will double the Fool.

"A CELEBRATED CASE" is gaining additional notoriety through "standing room only."

MR. GEORGE BONIFACE has begun a starring tour in "A Soldier's Trust." Further returns are awaited.

THE third Brougham benefit occurs at Wallack's Theatre to-morrow afternoon. The bill is an attractive one.

THE Williamsons are "Striking Oil" at the Grand Opera House this week. George Rignold, the British Blonde, will follow them.

ONE vast, universal sigh of relief has gone up from the dramatic profession at the retirement of Josh Hart from the Eagle Theatre.

AT "PEEP O' DAY," at Niblo's, we took a peep a night last week. The piece is well mounted, and Nina Varian, as *Mary Grace*, looks as sweet as she sings prettily.

A NEW and original domestic drama is soon to be brought out at Booth's Theatre, under Jarret and Palmer's management. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

VARIETY has replaced melodrama at the Bowery. When we state that Jennie Hughes is the leading attraction, it will be seen how sweeping is the change.

MISS MAUDE HARRISON has declined tempting offers from San Franciscan managers, and will remain at the Union Square—"the spot where she originally rose."

CLARA MORRIS, in better health than ever, appears at the Broadway Theatre, this week, as *Jane Eyre* in "The Governess;" and the Great Emotional holds its head up in pride and glory once more.

THE new adaptation from the German by Mr. Shannon, of Wallack's Theatre, is to be produced at the Park Theatre. Mr. James Lewis is in his element, which is always a good place for him to be in.

THE Elks' ball will take place to-morrow, Thursday evening, at the Academy of Music. It will be a blaze of Terpsichorean histrionism. The heroes and heroines of the footlight will foot more lightly than ever.

IN spite of all opposition to silver, the dexterous manner in which Heller makes the quarters and halves appear and disappear at will, is filling the Fifth Avenue Hall with admiring and wonder-stricken crowds.

"SIDONIE," an adaptation from the French, was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Saturday evening. It is hardly worth while criticising the performance, as the management will probably be stimulated by its "extraordinary success" to withdraw the drama without much delay. Mr. Schwab, the translator, has done his share of the work well enough; but the play itself is wrong—all wrong.

MR. SOTHERN has just made an engagement with Mr. John S. Clarke to appear in the Haymarket Theatre in London. He will be accompanied by the talented American comedian and character actor, Mr. George Holland, whose clever performances with Mr. Sothern have earned for him the most unqualified praise. The pair of mirth-raisers will turn up in London in time for the spring poets.

PUCK'S COMEDY-STORIES.

II.

KERAMICS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF
E. D'HERVILLY.

MME. DE MONTRICHARD sweeps into her boudoir, overpoweringly, crushingly, irresistibly charming in her ball-dress.

Mme. de Montrichard may be twenty-five. She is a widow. Montrichard, baron by profession, and lord of several hundred unproductive acres in Normandy, came to New York five years ago, a Gallic Cœlebs in search of a wife. He found her in Miss Jeannette Leighton, whom he wooed à l'Américaine, and carried off promptly to his native land.

Fortunately, he died before he had time to spend Jeannette's fortune, so that after four years of married life, during which she had lived on the most polite terms with Monsieur her husband, Mme. de Montrichard returned to New York, slightly désillusionnée, a few thousand dollars poorer, but as beautiful as on the day when the late baron first saw her and pronounced her "ze mos' sharming guêrrl he had sin in zis contrée."

The late baron's taste, at least, was good.

Mme. de Montrichard directs her little French maid to see that the carriage is at the door in twenty minutes. Then she sits down in her arm-chair before the bright wood-fire, and sinks into a brief reverie.

Madame's boudoir—as she calls it; in American it would be a sitting-room or parlor—is a pretty little shrine for beauty. It is a rose-pink Louis Quatorze nest; but the dainty panels are disfigured by pendent plaques, and grotesque Chinese vases cumber the niches and corners, while Sévres, Faïence and Majolica crowd the shelves of two or three cabinets, and overload the mantel-piece.

Keramics.

It needs but a glance to see that Madame de Montrichard has caught the contagion.

She collects.

Just at this moment, however, her collection does not appear to occupy madame's thoughts. She is thinking, evidently thinking, with her cheek resting on her gloved hand.

If we could peer into the mind of the pretty woman by the fire, we should probably find that her thoughts ran something thus:

"Twelve months since Alphonse died. Alphonse! I never called him Alphonse while he was alive. Well, it doesn't matter much. I certainly shan't have another opportunity. And it was just such weather as this, too. Just such a rainy evening, when he took cold, coming home from his club. The cold wasn't anything, of course, though. It is not to Influenza, but to Science that I owe—I mean, Science

is responsible for my loss. He sent for his physician—I shall always be glad that it was against my advice—and took his prescription; and, I suppose, the faculty was satisfied. In two weeks I was free—that is to say, bereaved."

She rises, goes to the window and looks out.

"What a winter! Always raining. It must be as Sophie says: 'Ze angels, zey want money, an' zey have pawn ze stars.' Oh, dear, I know I shouldn't talk so much with my *femme de chambre*, but when one is alone, what is one to do?"

She pauses in her train of thought, as if waiting for someone to answer this conundrum, and then a new idea flashes into her mind.

"That young man—that good-looking young man, who is forever following me about and staring at me with his great big eyes, like a love-sick pelican—I wish he were catching a little of this rain. How it pours! It might cool his ardor a bit. I wonder who he is? He looks too nice to be such a fool—who's that? You, Sophie?"

Sophie, neat, trim and Frenchy, stands in the doorway:

"I beg ze par-r-don of madame, but it is a zhentleman to see her on business ze mos' urgent."

"But I told you I was not at home to anyone!"

"I tol' ze zhentleman so, bot he make me take his card to madame."

Sophie hands to Mme. de Montrichard her importunate visitor's card. She reads it:

"'Senhor de Breu y Taboãdos.' I don't know any such person. Stop, though—the name is familiar. Oh, yes, I remember. He is the famous Ceramicist—the South American collector. What can he want of me? Perhaps I'd better send him back to his crockery. 'Urgent business'—it's written here. Well, I have time to spare yet—let him come in, Sophie."

Sophie departs, and Madame seats herself and soliloquizes:

"Breu y Taboãdos—what a name! Very noble, I suppose. They always are, when they have these double names. The poor dear Baron was a Montrichard-de-Rochepéans-de-Boulogny-Pincetaille. But a noble Brazilian—it's like talking about an artistic molasses-jug."

Here she is interrupted by the entrance of the artistic molasses-jug. Madame sees at a glance that he is not a Brazilian; that he is in evening-dress; that he has the eye of a love-sick pelican, and she rises to her feet with a cry of astonishment, and a gesture of indignant dismissal.

"This is too much, sir!"

Senhor de Breu y Taboãdo does not seem surprised at his reception; a look of respectful obstinacy comes over his features, which are regular, American, and by no means plebeian. He murmurs:

"Madam, I entreat you—"

"If you do not leave this room, sir, I shall be obliged to use this bell!" cries Madame, upright by the table, stately and beautiful, like the heroine of a French play dismissing an unskillful lover.

"My dear madam—for heaven's sake! one word. In the name of all you hold most dear—in the name of your collection!"

Madame de Montrichard hesitates, while her visitor, as if unable to control his wandering glances, looks round on the adornments of the boudoir.

"The man is crazy," thinks Madame; "but he looks harmless. He may not be in his right mind, but he is certainly clothed—" and Madame's approving eye pays an eloquent compliment to her visitor's tailor—"and Sophie is in the next room. Let him stay and speak!"

She goes on aloud:

"Well, sir, as you have effected an entrance

into my camp, I suppose I must grant you parley. Speak."

Senhor de Breu y Taboãdos bows his acknowledgements.

"Thank you—with your permission. I will not trouble you long. I have only to give you a little epitome of my story—a pocket edition, as it were, of the volume of my woes."

"Take the spoils of your victory, sir!" Madame speaks a shade more graciously. The Senhor does not understand.

"Excuse me—" he replies vaguely.

"A chair!"

"Ah!" Senhor Breu y Taboãdos sits down with a bow. "Well, madam, to begin. I am the nameless unfortunate—the wandering Christian, whom for a fortnight past you have met at every crossing—much to your disgust, no doubt—like a bit of human orange-peel in your path."

"Exactly," says Madame; but her manner does not indicate whether she refers to the fact stated or to the figure applied.

"In spite, however, of the marked disdain with which you have received the most respectful of interlocutors, I will inform you, madam, that the cause of this somewhat astonishing visit is, in point of fact, eminently proper and correct. Yes! the blue sky which will probably beam on us next June—if we ever get there—is not more pure, more strictly unobjectionable, than my breast. You perhaps have heard the name of Breu y—"

"Yes!" Madame interrupts, quickly; "I know. You are a collector—an enthusiast in ceramics—in fact, you are reported to have gone—oh!"

"Where?"

"Mad!—over Ceramics."

"I do not bite, madam."

Madame de Montrichard smiles.

"No, but you have been bitten. I remember now—it was you who paid four hundred and fifty dollars, at Leavitt's, last week, for an old Faience pickle-jar?"

"To call it a pickle-jar, madam," responds the visitor, with a shade of wounded dignity in his tone, "is cruel. It was a jar—to whatever base uses it may have been subjected in days past, it is not for us to reproach it now."

Madame does not appear inclined to enter into the question of the pickle-jar's personal status. She goes on:

"Proceed, if you please."

Senhor Breu y Taboãdos proceeds:

"Then, madam, you will permit me to rend more widely the curtain that hides my woe?"

"Yes. But please read as rapidly as possible."

"Listen, then. The scene is this city. It is a beautiful afternoon last month—it is only raining torrents. I am at Leavitt's—Clinton Hall, you know; one flight up, don't expectorate on the stairs. I did not expectorate on the stairs; but that is a detail."

Mme. de Montrichard appears but slightly interested in the detail, and her guest continues:

"It was an extraordinary sale—the collection of the late Professor Teller, such a collector, madam! And there I purchased it! My soup-tureen—my majolica soup-tureen—with such a Cupid—like a young hippopotamus, sitting in a shell on one side, and his respected mother in another shell on the other!"

He clasps his hands in ecstasy. Mme. de Montrichard grows serious:

"The man is absolutely crazy! I have no time to jest further, sir."

She rises.

"But I am serious—serious as a corpse, I assure you! But I will cut short my harrowing tale. I bought that soup-tureen for four hundred and thirty-seven dollars and some cents—with which I won't trouble you."

"I am obliged to you."

"Not at all! Well, then, this soup-tureen, this dream of my heart, this solace of my adolescence—this soup-tureen was bereft—widowed—of its cover."

"A very touching tale, indeed," is Madame's response, as she rises and for the second time motions her visitor to the door; "but it scarcely concerns me; and as I suppose your visit is simply the result of some club-room bet, I will freely acknowledge that you have won, and request you to leave me."

"Cruel!" cries Senhor Breu y Taboãdos; "you send me away!"

Mme. de Montrichard can bear it no longer. She bursts out in uncontrollable anger:

"What do you mean by this, sir? What have I to do with your soup-tureen?"

"Everything!"

"What?"

"Don't say a word!"—the Senhor speaks very rapidly—"I know all about it. You bought that cover last month at Tiffany's—you bought it to put little tin clamps on it and hang it upon your wall—which is not the correct thing keramically, let me suggest in parentheses—you bought it, and took it away with you. The man at Tiffany's didn't know your name or address, but a fortnight ago, as I was looking at a plaque—well no matter about the plaque—it was spurious—you passed by, on the Square. The man pointed you out to me. I fled—I rushed after you. I followed you—but I lost you. You went into a place which it would not have become me to enter."

"What do you mean?" cries Madame, pale with anger.

"A—how shall I call it? A—not to put it too grossly—a corset-shop."

"Oh!"

"Yes! Since then I have followed you unsuccessfully—always losing you in the crowd or finding out, when I got near enough that you were somebody else. At last I tracked you to your home—and—here you see me."

"It is madness in person!" cries his astonished hostess.

Senhor Breu y Taboãdos rises to his feet, much excited.

"Ah! you cannot be a true collector, madam. You do not know this consuming passion—this devouring flame. When we seek the object of our hearts' desire, we have in us the blood of the Indian on his enemy's track—the Indian who seeks the scalp of his hereditary foe to ornament his wigwam. I have sworn to obtain the cover of that soup-tureen. A soup-tureen without its cover—it is a solitary palm-tree, sighing lonely in the breeze it is Paul separated from Virginia—it is a disconnected Siamese twin! Yes, madam, I mean it all! I am a Keramomaniac!"

"A Keramomaniac!"

"And I want my soup-tureen-cover. In heaven's name, sell it to me!"

Mme. de Montrichard looks really alarmed. She contrives to respond: "Certainly, sir!" and, ringing the bell, she gives orders to Sophie to bring the desired article.

"What!" cries Breu y Taboãdos in rapture.

"You consent to let me have it?"

"Certainly!" gasps the frightened lady.

"Oh, how can I express—"

"Don't express anything, please!"

"But, at least, let me ask what value you set on this priceless—"

"None, sir. It is yours."

"Mine—no—what? Is it possible?—the enamel is cracked, then?"

"No! It is whole and complete—"

A crash from the next room interrupts her. Something Ceramic is smashed utterly.

"At least," she finishes, "it was."

(To be continued.)

The Duel in Herne Wood.

Extracted, with permission, from "The Case of Mr. Lionel Varleigh."

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Concluded.)

PRESENTING myself at Nettlegrove Hall towards sunset, to take charge of Miss Duval, I was met by an obstacle in the shape of a protest from her aunt.

This good lady had been informed of the appearance of Captain Stanwick in the park, and she strongly disapproved of encouraging any further communication with him on the part of her niece. She also considered that I had failed in my duty in still leaving the Captain at liberty. I told her that I was only waiting to act on the advice of competent persons, who would arrive the next day to consult with me; and I did my best to persuade her of the wisdom of the course that I had taken in the meantime. Miss Duval, on her side, was resolved to be true to the promise that she had given. Between us, we induced her aunt to give way on certain terms.

"I know the part of the park in which the meeting is to take place," the old lady said; "it is my niece's favorite walk. If she is not brought back to me in half an hour's time, I shall send the men-servants to protect her."

The twilight was falling when we reached the appointed place. We found Captain Stanwick angry and suspicious; it was not easy to pacify him on the subject of our delay. His insanity seemed to me to be now more marked than ever. He had seen, or dreamed of seeing, the ghost during the past night. For the first time (he said) the apparition of the dead man had spoken to him. In solemn words it had condemned him to expiate his crime by giving his life for the life that he had taken. It had warned him not to trust to his marriage with Bertha Duval: "She shall share your punishment if she shares your life. And you shall know it by this sign—*She shall see me as you see me.*"

I tried to compose him. He shook his head in immovable despair. "No," he answered; "if she sees him when I see him, there ends the one hope of release that holds me to life. It will be good-bye between us, and good-bye for ever!"

We had walked on, while we were speaking, to a part of the park through which there flowed a rivulet of clear water. On the farther bank the open ground led down into a wooded valley. On our side of the stream rose a thick plantation of fir-trees, intersected by a winding path. Captain Stanwick stopped as we reached the place. His eyes rested in the darkening twilight on the narrow space pierced by the path among the trees. On a sudden he lifted his right hand, with the same cry of pain which we had heard before; with his left hand he took Miss Duval by the arm. "There!" he said. "Look where I look! Do you see him there?"

As the words passed his lips, a dimly-visible figure appeared, advancing towards us along the path.

Was it the figure of a living man? or was it the creation of my own excited fancy? Before I could ask myself the question, the man advanced a step nearer to us. A last gleam of the dying light fell on his face through an opening in the trees. At the same instant Miss Duval started back from Captain Stanwick with a scream of terror. She would have fallen if I had not been near enough to support her. The Captain was instantly at her side again. "Speak!" he cried, "Do you see it too?"

She was just able to say "Yes," before she fainted in my arms.

He stooped over her, and touched her cold cheek with his lips. "Good-bye!" he said, in tones suddenly and strangely changed to the most exquisite tenderness. "Good-bye, for ever!"

He leaped the rivulet; he crossed the open ground; he was lost to sight in the valley beyond.

As he disappeared, the visionary man among the fir-trees advanced; passed in silence; crossed the rivulet at a bound; and vanished as the figure of the Captain had vanished before him.

I was left alone with the swooning woman. Not a sound, far or near, broke the stillness of the coming night.

No. 5.—*Mr. Frederic Darnel, member of the College of Surgeons, writes and says:—*

In the intervals of my professional duties I am accustomed to study Botany, assisted by a friend and neighbor, whose tastes in this respect resemble my own. When I can spare an hour or two from my patients, we go out together searching for specimens. Our favorite place is Herne Wood. It is rich in material for the botanist, and it is only a mile distant from the village in which I live.

Early in July, my friend and I made a discovery in the wood of a very alarming and unexpected kind. We found a man in the clearing, prostrated by a dangerous wound, and to all appearance dead.

We carried him to the gamekeeper's cottage, on the outskirts of the wood, and on the side of it nearest to our village. He and his boy were out, but the light cart in which he makes his rounds, in the remoter part of his master's property, was in the outhouse. While my friend was putting the horse to, I examined the stranger's wound. It had been quite recently inflicted, and I doubted whether it had (as yet, at any rate) really killed him. I did what I could with the linen and cold water which the gamekeeper's wife offered to me, and then my friend and I removed him carefully to my house in the cart.

I applied the necessary restoratives, and I had the pleasure of satisfying myself that the vital powers had revived. He was perfectly unconscious, of course, but the action of the heart became distinctly perceptible, and I had hopes.

In a few days more I felt fairly sure of him. Then the usual fever set in. I was obliged, in justice to his friends, to search his clothes in presence of a witness. We found his handkerchief, his purse, and his cigar-case, and nothing more. No letters or visiting cards; nothing marked on his clothes but initials. There was no help for it but to wait to identify him until he could speak.

When that time came, he acknowledged to me that he had divested himself purposely of any clue to his identity, in the fear (if some mischance happened to him) of the news of it reaching his father and mother abruptly by means of the newspapers. He had sent a letter to his bankers in London, to be forwarded to his parents, if the bankers neither saw him nor heard from him in a month's time. His first act was to withdraw this letter. The other particulars which he communicated to me are, I am told, already known. I need only add that I willingly kept his secret, simply speaking of him in the neighborhood as a traveler from foreign parts who had met with an accident.

His convalescence was a long one. It was the beginning of October before he was completely restored to health. When he left us he went to London. He behaved most liberally to me; and we parted with sincere good wishes on either side.

No. 6.—*Mr. Lionel Varleigh, of Boston, U. S. A., writes and says:—*

My first proceeding, on my recovery, was to go to the relations of Captain Stanwick in London, for the purpose of making inquiries about him.

I do not wish to justify myself at the expense of that miserable man. It is true that I loved Miss Duval too dearly to yield her to any rival except at her own wish. It is also true that Captain Stanwick more than once insulted me, and that I endured it. He had suffered from sunstroke in India, and in his angry moments he was hardly a responsible being. It was only when he threatened me with personal chastisement that my patience gave way. We met sword in hand. In my mind was the resolution to spare his life. In his mind was the resolution to kill me. I have forgiven him. I will say no more.

His relations informed me of the symptoms of insane delusion which he had shown after the duel; of his escape from the asylum in which he had been confined; and of the failure to find him again.

The moment I heard this news the dread crossed my mind that Stanwick had found his way to Miss Duval. In an hour more I was traveling to Nettlegrove Hall.

I arrived late in the evening, and found Miss Duval's aunt in great alarm about the young lady's safety. Bertha was at that very moment speaking to Stanwick in the park, with only an old man (the rector) to protect her. I volunteered to go at once, and assist in taking care of her. A servant accompanied me to show me the place of meeting. We heard voices indistinctly, but saw no one. The servant pointed to a path through the fir-trees. I went on quickly by myself, leaving the man within call. In a few minutes I came upon them suddenly, at a little distance from me, on the bank of a stream.

The fear of seriously alarming Miss Duval, if I showed myself too suddenly, deprived me for a moment of my presence of mind. I stopped to consider what it might be best to do. I was not so completely protected from discovery by the trees as I had supposed. She had seen me; I heard her cry of alarm. The instant afterwards I saw Stanwick leap over the rivulet and take to flight. That action roused me. Without stopping for a word of explanation, I pursued him.

Unhappily, I missed my footing in the obscure light, and fell on the open ground beyond the stream. When I had gained my feet once more, Stanwick had disappeared among the trees which marked the boundary of the park beyond me. I could see nothing of him, and I could hear nothing of him, when I came out on the high road. There I met with a laboring man who showed me the way to the village.

From the inn I sent a letter to Miss Duval's aunt, explaining what had happened, and asking leave to call at the Hall on the next day.

Early in the morning the rector came to me at the inn. He brought sad news. Miss Duval was suffering from a nervous attack, and my visit to the Hall must be deferred. Speaking next of the missing man, I heard all that Mr. Loring could tell me. My intimate knowledge of Stanwick enabled me to draw my own conclusion from the facts. The thought instantly crossed my mind that the poor wretch might have committed his expiatory suicide at the very spot on which he had attempted to kill me. Leaving the rector to institute the necessary inquiries, I took the train to Maplesworth on my way to Herne Wood.

Advancing from the high road to the wood, I saw two persons at a little distance from me—a man in the dress of a gamekeeper and a lad. I was too much agitated to take any special notice of them; I hurried along the path

which led to the clearing. My presentiment had not misled me. There he lay, dead on the scene of the duel, with a blood-stained razor by his side! I fell on my knees by the corpse; I took his cold hand in mine; and I thanked God that I had forgiven him in the first days of my recovery.

I was still kneeling, when I felt myself seized from behind. I struggled to my feet, and confronted the gamekeeper. He had noticed my hurry in entering the wood; his suspicions had been aroused, and he and the lad had followed me. There was blood on my clothes, there was horror in my face. Appearances were plainly against me; I had no choice but to accompany the gamekeeper to the nearest magistrate.

My instructions to my solicitors forbade them to vindicate my innocence by taking any technical legal objections to the action of the magistrate or of the coroner. I insisted on my witnesses being allowed to write, in their own way, what they could truly declare on my behalf, and on the defense being founded upon the materials thus obtained. In the meanwhile I was detained in custody, as a matter of course.

With this event the tragedy of the duel reached its culminating point. I was accused of murdering the man who with his own guilty hand had attempted to take my life!

BERTHA'S POSTSCRIPT.

I write these lines after an interval of six months. I am going to do a bold thing—I am going to suppress the narrative of the defense, and advance at once to the results.

First result:—I am Mrs. Lionel Varleigh.

Second result:—I am as happy as the day is long.

Third result:—I am going to America with my husband, to make his father and mother as happy as I am.

If you want to know any more, you must be so good as to wait for my return to England; or you can apply in the interval, if you prefer it, to my aunt, at Nettlegrave Hall.

THE END.



Puck's Arranges.

OUR navy is a sort of fleeting show.—*New York Herald.*

GRANT is now driving dull Cairo way.—*Worcester Press.*

THE question of the hour—What time is it?—*Brooklyn Argus.*

THE hymn of the Crispins: "A rise, my sole, a rise."—*Boston Globe.*

"MISFORTUNES never come singly." Same way with twins.—*Fulton Times.*

A LECTURE FIELD that no man has yet taken—Kate Field.—*Norristown Herald.*

WE may not possess a castle in Spain, but we have a Cochin China.—*Stamford Advocate.*

TWEED is ill, but not dangerously, only one doctor being in attendance.—*Cin. Commercial.*

CLEOPATRA'S needle has reached Gravesend. Talked to death, probably.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

THE North Carolina coast appears to offer strong inducements to active undertakers.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

OH, that it should have gum to this! Two Albany dentists have fallen out and a law-suit impends.—*Catskill Recorder.*

THERE is more than one way to secure revenge. For instance, an Ohio editor calls her Jail Hamilton.—*Unknown Ex.*

"I DO not ask thee for thy hand," as the child said when gazing earthward o'er its parent's knee.—*St. Louis Journal.*

THE fool seeketh to pluck a fly from a mule's hind-leg; the wise man letteth the job out to the lowest bidder.—*West Jersey Press.*

A MAN may never laugh, and still be distinguished from other animals that never laugh, by the use of hair-dye.—*Rome Sentinel.*

THE managing-editor of a Texas newspaper is expected to do very little writing and a great deal of shooting.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

IT is a noteworthy fact that Victor Emanuel did not long survive the poem that Bayard Taylor wrote about him.—*St. Louis Journal.*

SAINT PATRICK'S day comes on the 17th of March this year. Guess we've skinned that huckleberry bush in season.—*Fortchester Journal.*

AS J. MADISON WELLS is still missing, there are strong grounds for supposing that he has eloped with Eliza Pinkston.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

CALIFORNIA desires an effective game law—one, for instance, which will define the proper period wherein to shoot Chinamen.—*Buffalo Express.*

THE telegraph tariff between France and Germany is four cents a word. Germany gets the most for the money—in bulk.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

IT takes 2160 bees to fill a pint cup, notwithstanding a single bee takes up so much room in a fellow's summer trousers leg.—*Worcester Press.*

O'LEARY, the walkist, used to be a collector in Chicago, and that's how he happened to find out his legs would do to bet on.—*Cin. Breakfast Table.*

A NEWBURG goat the other day devoured an entire volume at one sitting. That's what you might call a regular swallow-tale goat.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

ALFONSO is happy. The *New York Herald* published a diagram of his wedding-day, which has not seen the light since the capture of Kars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE custom of adorning the prows of vessels with a female head or figure is supposed to have originated in a desire to secure good port-rates.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

A PAIR of enormous fossil elephant's jaws have just reached the Smithsonian Institute, and half of Congress is dying with envy at the sight.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A PULASKI dog has had the mumps. This is a pleasant proof that we are advancing in civilization, even though the dog was kept awake nights to bring it about.—*Fulton Times.*

THE right kind of woman's rites—the marriage ceremony.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.* You got that from your mother-in-law, didn't you? It sounds a little like the old lady.—*Courier-Journal.*

THE twenty-cent pieces should be retired. They often lead a newspaper man to make rash investments under the impression that his capital is one-fourth larger than it really is.—*Worcester Press.*

INSTILL into a boy's mind the idea that in heaven a boy does nothing else but cut wood and attend church, and you will have won a signal victory for Harry the Ancient.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

BEECHER never attended a horse-race.—*Breakfast Table.* Well, what of it? Would you kill this excellent man with overwork? Do you insist on his doing everything?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

ISABELLA HOOKER says every woman who is a taxpayer is entitled to vote. Yes, Isabella, and they are also entitled to go out and shovel the snow off of their sidewalks, but they won't do it.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

WE infer that the Marquis of Lorne is not building the kitchen fire this winter, as we read that he presented his wife with a set of diamonds worth \$80,000 about the time cold weather set in.—*Breakfast Table.*

JOE JEFFERSON, the actor, says truth, "the blessed truth, is the greatest armor a man ever put on him." Didn't know that Joe had ever seen us with our blessed armor on. We wear it all the time.—*Norristown Herald.*

MINNIE, the colored cadet, has been persecuted till he has been compelled to leave West Point. Shame on the snobs and bullies, constructively white, who are so brave as to attack a comrade a hundred to one.—*Graphic.*

A NEGRO magician gave a show in an Alabama village one dark evening and announced that he was bullet-proof. The next forenoon a coroner's jury rendered a verdict to the effect that he must have been mistaken.—*Worcester Press.*

MODJESKA has won the hearts of all the New York critics. The *Tribune* is especially enthusiastic over her. Yet Modjeska was exceedingly popular in California, and many excellent authorities say she is really a fine actress.—*Buffalo Express.*

GENERAL BELKNAP is in Washington, is as jolly as ever, wears his coat closely buttoned about his robust body, and strokes his long golden beard.—*P. I. Man.* There are lots of other generals swelling round Washington quite as much out of place as Belknap.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

AN elegantly-dressed lady, of Brooklyn, handed a car-conductor a dime, yesterday, and on being offered a nickel in return, requested him to give her pennies. She was on her way to a fashionable church, and a collection was to be taken for paying off the church-debt.—*N. Y. Star.*

WHEN a man turns a short corner in a big hurry, and makes the discovery somewhat abruptly that another unfortunate is trying to do the same thing in an opposite direction, he always blurts out something about a qualified fool—and he doesn't mean the other man.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

BRACKETS on the wall are handy things. By hitting them you always know when you reach the wall, they catch what dust is overlooked by the picture frames and centre table, and Sundays you are kept out of trouble nailing up those which have tumbled down during the week.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

THE following correspondence recently passed through a telegraph office: "I lent you one year ago to-night \$4.87. If you have not had it long enough please keep it one year longer." To this delicate hint the answer was returned: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."—*Unknown Ex.*

A FORMER member of the Harvard base-ball club has carried our national game into Japan. Chin Chin, pitchee, knockee ball topside, and Shang Chang, slecond base, catchee allee same Melican man, fling it Inn Sane, catchee puttee out on home base. Slide out, whoopee!—*Fuck*—*boucicaulted by shameless Rockland Courier.*

IN the Mississippi Legislature a Mr. Berry submitted the following resolution: "Resolved, That Rutherford B. Hayes is a fraud and Samuel J. Tilden is a failure." Really, now, you know, we can't undertake to bury the hatchet up North here, unless somebody will undertake to hatchet the Berry down there.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

MATILDA FLETCHER is organizing Social Science clubs among the women of the country. If Social Science can enable a young man to suck something more profound than "Who'd I see you with at the hop last week?" out of the end of his cane, then indeed the world will believe that Social Science is a grand, great thing.—*Hawkeye.*

A CORRESPONDENT asks, what is the best method of feeding cattle in winter? We don't exactly know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap and feed him with a spoon. Others would bring him into the dining-room and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.—*New London Telegram.*

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT: "We positively refuse to put any money in the polar-expedition. We have got enough of it. We have been figuring on this thing, and find that every township Stanley discovered in Africa has cost us \$20,000. What assurance have we that northern townships are any cheaper? Therefore, go to.—*Derrick.*

THE Bible tells you not to call a man a fool. But then if he really is one what are you to do, since the Bible enjoins you to tell the truth? Perhaps the inspired writer intended that the truth should be merely indicated in some parliamentary manner—as, for instance, saying that the unfortunate person is a sort of Stanley Matthews.—*Worcester Press.*

HE screams, he kicks, he rolls on the floor, he assails the mirror, the picture-frames, the bronzes, your shuddering person, with whatever offensive weapon he can seize. He wants to demolish things and make matters sprightly for the family and the family's friends, and he succeeds dreadfully. His parents—his mother generally—look on serenely, it may be admiringly, and mildly say: "You should not do so, darling."—*N. Y. Times.*

THE Washington correspondents tell us that the President and his wife have adopted a rule to accept no invitation to balls or receptions, and in this way hope to avoid giving offense by accepting some and declining others. Mr. Hayes, we believe, adopted the accept-no-invitation policy before he was elected, for did not a quarter of a million majority invite him to stay away from the White House? Yea, verily. But he did not accept the invitation.—*Oil City Derrick.*

JUST as they came along where the fortifications were being extended over the water, the aged wanderer touched his companion softly and said "That's a dangerous man over there, the one driving timbers I mean." "Why?" innocently inquired the other. "Because he's spiling for a fight," murmured the old man mournfully. A long and painfully silent pause, an awful look of astonishment, and then the young tramp fled, a gibbering maniac, while the old man sat down on a muddy log and wept over what he had done with his little pun.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

HOPE.

There is no town, however watched and tended,
But one dead bank is there;
There is no safe, however well defended,
But needs still greater care.

The air is full of farewells for the dying,
And mournings for the dead:
The heart of Sherman, the people's wealth de-
crying,
Will it be comforted?

We must be comforted! These severe afflic-
tions
Not from the ground arise!
The bullionists declare that benedictions
Assume a golden guise!

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors,
Amid these falling banks;
But far above the clouds the heavenly tapers
Shine silvery o'er our ranks!

—*Kansas City Times (doubtful).*

We have received a Medical Almanac for 1878. Its table of contents covers a wide range of topics. We notice a very able article on "Scald Heads;" and a very labored paper on tape-worms, written by Anonymous, is worth the price of the book—which is given away. This almanac says next 4th of July will be "pleasant," so Sunday-schools can commence thus early to make arrangements for picnics and excursions on that day. There are some almanacs in the market which predict rain and thunder on the coming Fourth—and they cost as much as five cents. Get the cheapest and best.—*Norristown Herald.*

A RASH young man in Boston asked a small but select dinner party, the other evening, the following conundrum: "Why is Longfellow like Lord Dundreary?" and when they had all given it up, replied: "Because he has got a Brother Sam." An icy silence fell upon the company. His father resolved to leave all his fortune to an asylum for horse-car conductors, and his betrothed, casting upon him a glance of indignation that well-nigh fused her specs, said that henceforth, and even in a railroad collision, they must meet as strangers.—*Chicago Tribune.*



In Memoriam Brigham Young.

To supply the demand for the above-named illustration, depicting the "Mormon's Empty Pillow," and owing to the fact that the edition of "Puck" containing it has been entirely exhausted, the cartoon has been published as a single sheet, and can be obtained from any newsdealer in the country.

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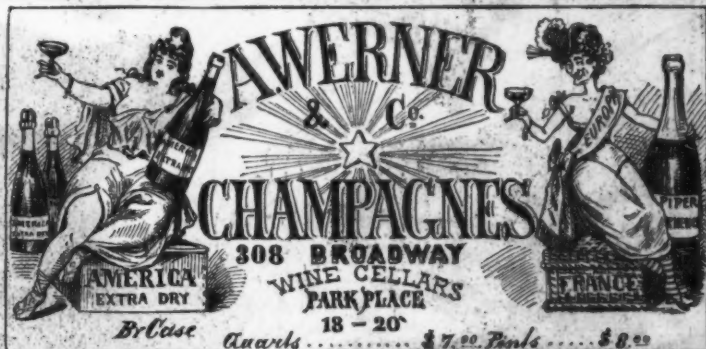
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